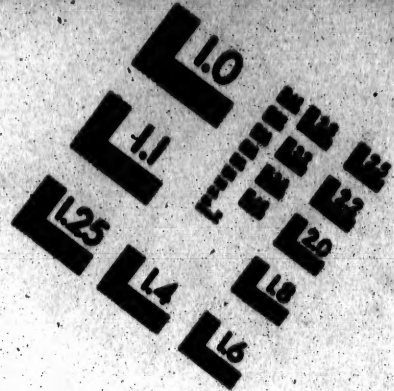
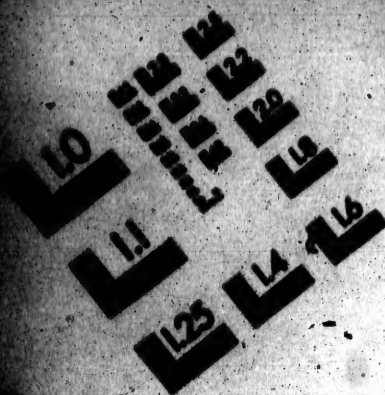




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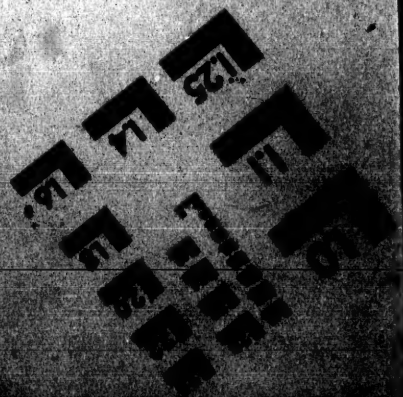
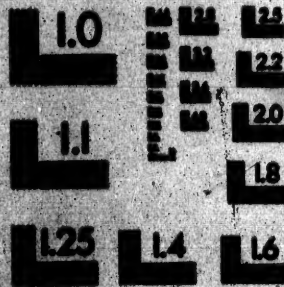
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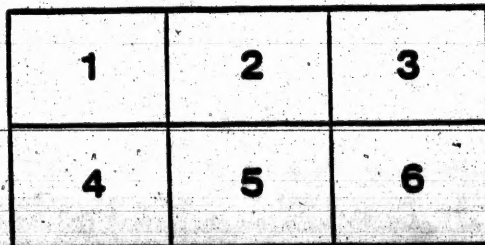
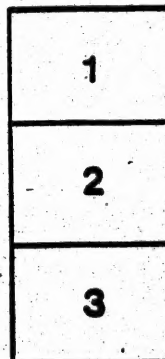
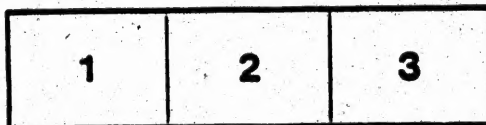
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REPORT OF A VISIT

TO SOME OF THE SCENES OF THE LABORS OF THE

SOCIETY FOR IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1855.

BY REV. R. V. ROGERS, A. M.

Minister of St. James', Kingston, C. W.

Read at a Meeting of the Kingston Ladies' Association in connection
with that Society, Feb. 12, 1856, and published at their request.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices
God is well pleased." *Heb. xiii. 16.*

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On my drawing near the scenes, in Ireland, of what has convinced the skeptic, awakened the drowsy Protestant, enlisted the sympathies of the man of the world, and rejoiced the heart of the People of God, very contradictory statements met me respecting what professes to be the work of God. That any question existed as to the character of the work, I first heard in London, then, at the Mission House, from the Secretary; and again, in Ireland, repeatedly. *I will examine for myself*, was my resolve. Of the fruits of that examination I am now to give you a brief sketch.

Circumstances induced me to enter Ireland at the north; and from thence, as Providence might open the way, I designed to trace out the path, enlightened by scriptural education. Being under a pressing engagement, my time did not permit my visiting any of the friends to whom I had letters of introduction, in Belfast and neighborhood; several of whom, I afterwards learnt, were among the most devoted supporters of the Irish Church Missionary Society. This, though truly a disappointment, was counterbalanced in some degree, by my being able to enter on my work with a mind unbiassed by the opinions of others.

Romanism, in this part of Ireland, has, ever since the days of William of Orange, been qualified by Protestant principles. Men living amidst light, cannot so close their eyes as that no ray shall enlighten their darkness. Such is the pervading nature of truth, that even this master-system of error cannot wholly protect itself from its inroads. It is on this account that the members of the Church of Rome, in Ulster, are more enlightened, and far less enslaved, than elsewhere in Ireland. It may not be inferred, however, from this that Romanists at the North are more tolerant of those who differ from them, than at the South, or West. Rome's principle is the same everywhere. It is the want of power to enforce her will, not her want of will, that renders her mild and gentle, whilst in the midst of a numerical majority of dissenters. Occasionally, however, even here, her usual policy of subdued mildness is forgotten, and Rome stands out in her true character.

ter, as a persecutor of the Church of God. During the past summer, two Scripture Readers were badly beaten in the neighbourhood of Cusendall, County Antrim; and though some of the assailants were arrested, yet no conviction followed their prosecution—from that which, alas, has been so common in Ireland; the ease with which witnesses can be obtained to prove whatever the interests of the Priest's system may demand.

A very interesting Mission has been commenced on the estate of *Conway Doble, Esq.*, at Cusendall, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Irwin, with very favorable prospects of success. Here, as elsewhere, in this country, its present condition of comparative light is the result of a long and painstaking preparation. The School-House, with its silent, yet sure influence, sowed the seeds of that hopeful harvest which is now gladdening the hearts of the spiritual laborers. At Derrybegshan, Deroock, I first came into actual contact with the Irish mind.

The Girls' School—39 only were present, it being a fair-day in the neighbouring town—evidenced to the care and attention of the Rev. T. Hincks, Rector of the Parish; I examined the children, and found them very conversant with the Word of God.

The Boys' School is under the *National Board*; and the third Book of the system set forth by its authority, gave me an opportunity of testing the *Scriptural* as well as general knowledge of the pupils; and I should say, that the boys were quite equal to boys of their own age in Canada, or elsewhere. Very few Romanist children attended at that time—two or three only. I discovered that this educational system, devised to reconcile the Romanist Priesthood, was as little agreeable as the more Scriptural one which it was designed to supersede; and in place, not a few, both the National and the Scripture Schools, were apparently, at least equally under the ban, because set aside by the introduction of a third system more agreeable with the tenets of Romanism. Romanism hates the light, and will not come to the light,—shuts out the light, natural or revealed, so far as it can, because inimical to a system of darkness. The *National System* is now an admitted failure, pleasing no religious party, though intended to reconcile all. It remains a problem yet to be solved whether any system could be devised which would meet the wishes of parties so wholly disagreeing as Protestants and Romanists.

Having reached Dublin I put myself at once into communication with the officers of the *Society for Irish Church Missions*, by whom I was courteously received. Previously to testing

London I had obtained from the Rev. Mr Welch, Assistant Secretary of the Parent Society, a circular introduction to the Missionaries in that route which I had designed to pursue; and here requested the Rev. E. Ellis, the Association Secretary, to give me a plan of visitation combining the greatest amount of probable information which two or three weeks would enable me to gain in a journey through Connemara, as far as Ashill, and back to Dublin. Had I had more means at my disposal, one far more extensive, and far more thorough, would have done more justice to an investigation which was to satisfy others as well as myself of the reality of that which professed to be the work of God. The plan I had resolved on was, that in visiting a school or mission, nothing should be received in evidence as to its condition, but what was proved from their own books. In every case, then, my statistics are copies from the records of the School, except when it is otherwise stated.

KINGSTOWN.

On Sunday morning, in company with Mr Ellis, I visited the Ragged School, where I found the Rev. Mr Dowling, the Irish Church Missionary of that district. This is a new station, and yet ninety were in the books, whilst the average attendance was twenty. On leaving the room I was introduced to the owner of the property, who has rented the room (formerly an Assembly Room) to the Society, at some pecuniary loss, and personal annoyance. It was evident, however, from his conversation, that he had higher motives for what he did, which led him to set both at their true value. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr Dowling twice; and, on both occasions, a faithful exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus. Indeed it seems to be the one object of the Irish Church Society, through all its agencies, "to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified"; and here is the secret of their strength. In their hands, at this day, and in that benighted land, it has proved what it ever must do, always, and in all lands, however that bound in Satan's bonds, "Mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." It is the truth that makes free, and those who it frees are free indeed.

Of this I had a beautiful illustration.

TOWNSEND STREET (DUBLIN) RAGGED SCHOOL.

It is quite beyond my power to describe the scene, as it has burnt on my mind. The room is capable of holding about

1,000. This was well filled, as I afterwards found, by 629 pupils, and an adequate number of teachers. It is, at once, School and Church: a semi-circular dais at the upper end, within which is a rail, enclosing communion-table, pulpit and reading desk, all moveable, to suit the particular duties. On this occasion it was occupied chiefly by visitors. Surveying the entire from this point, many things strike you. The motley appearance of the assembly, clad for the most part, in rags, of as many colors as pieces, and as many pieces as square inches. Their ages, varying from sixty to six—several generations—grouped together in one class, each drawn by the same power, an inquiry after God's book; intent on one object—its study. Here was no listless indifference; all were in earnest; it was as digging for gold; a search as for a hidden treasure. And if this marked the pupils, it was equally evident that the teachers felt that they had something to communicate worth giving; that they had come that day to feed the hungry; to enrich men who felt the miseries of spiritual poverty; and to clothe them with the robe of salvation. The teachers were of no one class in society. Near the door was a son of Sir Duncan McGregor, the Chief of the Police; next to him was Dr. Law, an eminent physician; beyond him was a converted Romanist. Among the female teachers were Mrs and the Misses Whateley (the Archbishop's family), and others, evidently of the higher grade in society, whilst a few were little removed in station from their pupils. One soul seemed to pervade all. It was indeed a labor of love.

Who can compute the present good such institutions confer? Here is a practical denial of the demagogue's hackneyed falsehood,—that the rich have no sympathy with the poor. After the teaching had continued for more than an hour, at a signal given by the Superintendent it ceased, and the whole school were ready for the usual examination. One verse only, generally forms the subject of teaching, whether in the school or from the pulpit. Thus it is, that the same truth is viewed in many points, and so repeated as to be fixed in the memory. On this occasion, one at least of each class gave answers; and these evidenced, from many, a clear insight into the meaning of the verse. The examiner put his questions with great simplicity, and the answers were oftentimes returned with much force of expression. At the close I was requested to address them, and to give the dismissal blessing.

During the teaching I had gone among the pupils, both to ascertain its character and to learn their views of the School:

"Would the Priest be pleased if he knew that you were here?"

"He would not; but sure there is no harm in coming here." One came because she could get the word of God for nothing; if she asked the Priest for a Bible, he would make her pay for it.

On the day following, I visited the Day School, in the same place. The average attendance was eighty. Examined classes from Rom. VIII., 1st verse, &c., on the Atonement and Prayer. Heard them read Acts V.

The following facts were elicited during conversation with the pupils. W. H., a very intelligent lad, had been at school two and a half years.

John C——, was born a Roman Catholic; served the Priest from seven years old; is now a monitor. His first serious thoughts arose from reading the Douay Testament, which he found in the Sacristy at the Monastery. "I asked the Priest the meaning of 'there is one God, and one Mediator,' &c. He said that the word 'men' meant *saints*. He strictly forbade my reading the Bible, which I attended to for a while, and then I came here."

The remuneration of teachers is, Monitors 3s. 6d. a month; Men from £3 10s. 0d. to £3 0s. 0d., sums, it is evident, by no means sufficient to act as an inducement to attend, were no stronger motive wanting.

The missionary house is large and most commodious. The first floor, now used as Class Rooms, was formerly an Assembly Room, and capable of accommodating 100 students, at least. Here also are a bath and washing places. At present there are thirty who are Missionary School masters; whilst at the institution these are sent abroad, through the highways and byways of the city, as scripture readers, during a fixed part of each day. Nothing could exceed the neatness and order which prevailed throughout, doing credit to the indefatigable matron and the Committee.

I may here mention, once for all, that were there no other benefits arising from the labors of the Irish Church Missionary Society beyond the teaching of habits of industry and neatness, they who know the habits of the class chiefly benefited, would not begrudge the expenditure of money and labor already made.

ST. PATRICK'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This is situated in a very poor part of the city, and the accommodation is by no means good; yet, on the day of my visit, I found in attendance seventy-four girls, all Romanists with the exception of three or four, in the infant department. In

the elder school sixty-three, but of these fifteen were Protestants. To each child is given breakfast of starch-bread; and to those who attend the singing class, which is held two days each week, a piece of bread is added.

I might here remark that, in all the schools, the singing is full of spirit, if not always melodious, and the pupils seem very fond of it. On several occasions I heard of the fondness of the Irish for singing, and of the spiritual benefit which had followed the practice of singing hymns. Usually, the hymns sung were from memory, and not from the book,—a valuable hint for our own Sunday Schools.

NEW ROAD.

Adult girls present, 55; the average attendance was 60. Infant department,—present 90; average 120. Of these three were Protestants.

WEAVER'S HALL.

There were in attendance 48 boys; on the roll 123; average 64. The pupils, though many of them youths, were quite in the infant stage of mental and spiritual progress. I had a specimen of what their state is when just brought under the teaching and restraint of the gospel. On my entering the room the shouts were quite astounding, accompanied by whistling and laughing, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether I could get a hearing. My guide, who for twenty years has been a Home Missionary, was quite at home amidst all this confusion. After a little patience they gave me a hearing, and, after telling them who I was, where I came from, and what my object was, all were most attentive. It seemed that this uproar was in consequence of the absence of the teacher, on sick leave, and the appointment of two others, who were not quite so agreeable. Several said they would not come again; I urged them, not only to continue in school themselves, but to try and persuade others to come too, and thus would they best prove their attachment to their beloved teacher. After speaking for about ten minutes, and getting them into something like order, I bid them farewell, when up rose such a simultaneous burst of cheers as English ears seldom hear in a school-room, which were prolonged till we had left the house. My guide told me that, a few days previous, these boys were actually stripping the teacher, and about to turn him into the street; when they were stopped by the coming of some one whose authority they regarded.

What a demand was here for the exercise of all the christian graces! Could Heathendom have offered clearer specimens of poor human nature in its native state; and yet all these boys were members of a church which claims to herself exclusive light and knowledge!—"By their fruits ye shall know them." We are quite willing to test the respective claims of Protestantism and Popery by the effects of their systems on the character of those living under their influence. Here I witnessed the youthful Romanist as he is when snatched by the hand of benevolence from the lang and allies; and it was my great privilege to behold the alteration which Bible instruction, when blessed by the Holy Spirit, makes. Is that truth or error which works such a godlike work?

The number of scholars visited in Dublin—Sunday School, 709; Day School, 410. Out of these about eighteen were originally Protestants.

CHAPEL.—WESTLAND ROW.

During my tour I considered it my duty to see Romanism whenever an opportunity offered, and to-day Mr Ellis and I visited *Westland Row Chapel*. The building is large, and externally imposing; but the imposition is detected as soon as you enter. All vanishes when you behold the unfloored, neglected appearance within. True, the High Altar was undergoing repair, and this where *Low Mass* was being celebrated was only temporary, but the dirty hangings around the rail, the tawdry tinsel and faded artificial flowers, the tumbled and soiled vestments of the officiating priest, with his little grotesque negro boy, in a faded red surtout, as his deacon, bespoke great indifference to the feelings of the worshippers, who, for the most part, were poor. Being desirous of hearing, I pressed through the kneeling congregation, who here, as elsewhere in Roman Catholic chapels, seemed little disturbed by the intrusion, to what we should call the *Communion rail*. I could hear nothing distinctly, except occasionally "Domine noster," or "Jesum Christum," and I am persuaded that nothing could be heard. But, if I did not hear, I witnessed the—what looked like a solemn farce; if, indeed, there was anything solemnizing to be seen. The frequent bending of the knee, and uplifting of the hands, now bowing the head, first turning to the people, then to the altar, whilst the little attendant, whose arch, waggish leer was little in keeping with a belief in the ceremony, was ever and anon tinkling a little bell under the hem of his reverence's robe, to drive

away, as I was told, the evil spirit, formed a scene as little like a religious ceremony as could be imagined. The absence of devotional appearance is common to the Priesthood; and never was I more struck with this than the manner in which the cup was rinsed out and cleansed after the officiating Priest had partaken of the wine. He poured water into it, giving it two or three turns, then drank its contents, then wiped it out with all the dexterity, and with much of the apparent indifference of an attendant at the bar of a hotel. And yet there were some whose deep attention bespoke the inmost devotion, but these were the exceptions. One old woman pulling Mr Ellis's coat, requested him to kneel. To this he bowed. After a while she again reminded him of what she considered an impropriety, not only by a second pull, but with "Is it fit for the likes of ye to come here and not do as others do?" Again acknowledging the reproof, his attention was on the scene before us. When Mass was over, our friend rose from her knees, and advancing, said, "Now, if you wish to go out you can," and, as we retired, she said, with more emphasis than sweetness of manner, "*May the Lord convert you.*" Mr Ellis bowed most courteously, and thanked her for her kindness. And this is that system of beggarly elements to which some, calling themselves of the church, seek to bring us again into bondage. What else can we say, but that "*a deceived heart hath turned them aside so that they cannot say, is there not a lie in my right hand?*"

Leaving Dublin by the South-west Railway, I passed that nursery of Popery, Maynooth—its high walls a figure of the exclusiveness of the system taught within. Many thoughts rushed into my mind as I looked at its unsightly appearance, but the one which prevailed was the folly of a Protestant nation sustaining what has ever been the *hosted* of error, and of everything subversive of its social well-being.

Well may we say of our rulers, "O that they were wise, that they understood," and acted on the distinction between christian principle and worldly expediency.

August 29.—My next stopping place was Galway. Here I found the Rev. Mr Brownrigg, the Missionary, waiting for me. We walked to view the church, a very venerable structure, in the shape of St. Andrew's cross; a portion only is used for public worship. It is well attended, but the Protestant population does not exceed 1500, of which 1000 to 1200 are Episcopalians. The Rev. Mr Maunsell, one of the clergy of the parish, and a native, stated that on the previous evening, he attended the weekly controversial lecture, when Mr B.

preached; and that on their coming out no one molested them, or took the least notice of them. He contrasted this with the past, when, on a like occasion, he was severely cut over the eye by a stone. He likened the present state of things to the putting in of the wedge—a no inapt comparison, when the 1600 protesting christians are in the midst of 30,000 Romanists.

Mr B. complained of the spiritual deadness which prevailed among professing Protestants, and of the loneliness of his position. He is a witness for God, and let him be assured that, whether on Mars hill or in the streets of Galway, God will honor a faithful testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

This is still a stronghold of Popery, but the work of conversion is steadily progressing.

Before leaving the car, a youth, whom I took to be a Roman Catholic student, picked up one of the controversial tracts which I had laid on his seat, and, after reading, tore it into as many pieces as the paper admitted, looking as if he wished to have had the authors and propagators as completely in his power. *I prayed for him!*

CLIFDEN.

August 31.—Owing to the harvest, the attendance was comparatively thin. Male School—present 54. I examined them in the scriptures, and considered them quite equal to children of the same age elsewhere, in the knowledge of the word of God. They were also studying Geography, Grammar, and Arithmetic. I was much pleased with a boy of twelve years of age, who had been five years at school, who read the Bible with great apparent feeling. *All these had been Roman Catholics.*

The Infant Schools.—From the report book I learned that, though great and ceaseless efforts were made to draw the pupils from the school, yet they had not succeeded.

In May, 1853, there were 74 attendants; in August, 1855, 74; average 55. The school commenced in 1851. The children have breakfast of porridge and milk.

The Girls' School consisted of 30 attendants, from eighteen years old to ten. They are taught plain and fancy needlework, together with reading, writing and arithmetic. *Here was not one original Protestant.* These, too, breakfast off Indian stirabout.

THE ORPHAN HOME.

This department of the Mission specially commends itself to

the christian philanthropist. When you look at the happy, healthy appearance of the children ; hear their simple yet correct answering from the Bible ; view them training in habits of industry ; and then think what they would have been, but for these efforts of christian love, any man, with only half a heart, must feel that "*it is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

NUNNERY.

Here I visited the opposition school, conducted by the *Sisters of Mercy*. Till the effects of the christian efforts of the *Rev. H. D'Arcy* began to be felt, the Romanists were uncared for in this place ; but, no sooner were the Protestant schools established, than a nunnery was erected, with schools, and a staff of teachers. I found the scholastic department consisting of a *poor school*, in which, the presiding sister said, 134 children were present, and a *superior school*, in which 24 were present. All around was neatness and order, and I was treated with the greatest courtesy, but was not permitted to examine for myself, but to take every statement on credit. The books used were, chiefly, those published by "*the Christian Brothers*," such as are used in the Roman Catholic schools in this city. The Superior spoke of the poverty of the people, and of the need of a hospital.

The prosperity of the Roman Catholic, however, was, as I found on visiting it, at the expense of the *National School*. This was a large building, comprising rooms for both boys and girls. The latter was *wholly tenantless*; in the former was a master, with about twelve boys. This was not owing to the want of scholarship on the part of the master, but because, to use his own words in accounting for what I saw, "*there are no neutrals here.*" The girls had gone to the nunnery, and the boys to the Monks' school, because the people were decided on the point of a religious education ; neither Protestants nor Romanists counting it of little consideration whether their respective creeds were taught their children, together with secular education.

THE MONKS' SCHOOL.

This is about one mile and a half from Clifden. This I visited, and was received by the teacher with the greatest respect. About 40 boys were in attendance. Neither here was I allowed to ask any questions, or form any judgment from personal inspection. I was again to receive my lesson *orally*.

The greatness of the change that has taken place in the conduct of the Romish Priesthood in this neighborhood may be gathered from the fact which I received from a scripture-reader in Dublin, that, about a year since, he was stoned by the boys of that school, set on by their teacher, and suffered from a blow on the elbow for nearly a year. This change was attributed by some to the policy of the Romish church to lull Protestant fears, and draw them off from their present war with the Maynooth grant. Others seemed to view it as proof of the growth of Protestantism, and the enlightenment of the Roman Catholic laity.

ROUNDSTONE.

This village is situated ten miles from Clifden. Time did not permit me to visit it, but I had an opportunity of conversing with Mr Cox, the intelligent Lay Agent. He said that, previously to his going, there was no school of any kind. This was about three years ago. Now there are, for both boys and girls, under the superintendence of six monks. The boys labor on a farm, together with those Roman Catholics who will not send their children to the Mission schools. On Sundays, the children are taught their catechism. The monks used to complain of our giving food to the children as a bribe, but they give two meals a day of stirabout, whilst we give but one,—with milk, which we do not,—and besides, clothe the boys; and yet, with all this inducement, many prefer giving a practical proof of what a little boy said when asked by the Priest to attend,—“Sir, *Men do not live by bread alone.*”

The people welcome the Missionary and the readers; and, said Mr Cox, “*I could visit every house except the Priest’s (O’Malley), who is a very violent man.*”

The Mission school averages a daily attendance of 40—all originally Romanists but two.

Drinking is still a favorite pastime with the Romish Priesthood in some parts of Ireland, though not to such a degree as formerly.

Mr Cox stated that, at the last Roundstone Fair, the Priest of a neighboring Parish was quite drunk. He took hold of a woman by her hair, and a policeman by his moustache, to cut it off. Mr C. pointed him out to a Roman Catholic, and another went for the Parish Priest, who came and coaxed him away.

BALLYCONREE.

This station is under the superintendence of the *Rev. I. Brack*. In company with the *Rev. H. D'Arcy*, I visited the school, which averages an attendance of 64 boys and girls; though on this day, in consequence of Clifden fair, 32 only were present.

Here is *the Orphan Boys' House*, containing 44—ranging from the ages of 16 to 8.

My note-book reads:—"All were at work when we arrived; some were at masonry, plastering a wall; others at husbandry, reaping and gathering oats and hay. The garden was in beautiful order—the work of the boys, under the superintendence of a Scotch Agriculturist. I inspected the dormitory; two sleep in one bed. All is order and neatness."

The situation of the School and Orphan House is on a bay, amidst scenery of the wildest kind, of sea and mountain. A sudden turn in the road from Clifden, running on the one side by a large inlet of the sea, studded with rocks and barren islets, and, on the other, by hills, albeit as incapable of cultivation, and a little paradise breaks on your view, beautiful in itself, but still more so from its being an illustration of what man's industry can do, when accompanied by God's blessing; a type of the Irish Church Society.

A more interesting body of youths I never beheld. Whilst speaking to them of the deep interest felt for the missionary work in Ireland, by the christians in Canada; and that I had no other object in my visit than to examine the actual condition and character of what I heard of, such a burst of grateful expression I never heard before; every lineament of the face seemed to speak forth the feelings of the heart. Their ready answers bespoke a thorough study of the Bible; such as is seldom witnessed elsewhere in schools. What seemed to increase the depth of their feelings, was that a little boy had been stolen away by his aunt, after being at the institution two years. Their sympathy with him seemed heartfelt.

MONTHLY MEETING OF IRISH TEACHERS.

At the earnest request of *Mr D'Arcy* I remained to attend this meeting on Sept. 3d. It consisted of 52 Scripture Readers, of which 8 were females.

The exercises were: 1st, singing a hymn in Irish; 2d, prayer, by *Rev. Mr Burk*, a converted Roman Catholic Priest;

3d, an examination of the readers by Mr Burk and another Irish-speaking clergyman, whose name I did not hear.

The subject was, 1st Cor., X. 1 to 13. The passage was first translated into English, and each reader of a verse was examined critically. Many, afterwards, were asked to give their views of the passage. What struck me most was the thorough insight which they had of the scope of the sacred writer; and the great care, on the part of the examiners, that each word should be correctly rendered in the translation. I was astonished at the deep knowledge of one lad, in particular, of the scriptures, though all acquitted themselves most satisfactorily.

After the examination, I was asked to address them, which I did, by giving them some account of what was doing among the Romanists in Canada.

Whilst speaking, I had referred them to a passage as being in the 15th chapter of Luke; a boy looking up,—“Sure your reverence has made a mistake, it is John.” I availed myself of this evidence of his acquaintance with the written word, to speak of the blessing which the Irish Church Society had brought to them, in placing in their hands that blessed book, to which both minister and people must alike submit.

After each reader receiving a small gratuity for his services during the past month, and a most heart-stirring address by the Rev. Mr Dalton, a missionary of the society, and prayer, the meeting broke up.

Dined and spent the evening at Mr D'Arcy's, brother of the Rector, who is treasurer of the District Society, and one who, with his family, takes the liveliest interest in its work.

The next morning I left for Westport, on an outside car, in company with two young gentlemen, their servant and the driver, all, I should suppose, Romanists, as, whether designedly or not, for my benefit, they occasionally gave a hard hit at the “souters” and “jumpers.” Though I tried several times, I could not get them into conversation of any kind. Indeed, latterly, as I was assured, few Roman Catholics will speak on their distinctive differences with Protestants; whilst the Priests are albut dumb.

Our road ran through a bleak, barren country of bog and mountain, for several miles, mostly uninhabited, with a house of large dimensions here and there, till we came to

BALLINAKILL.

Here is a good stone church, with school-house and parsonage, lately erected.

My time did not allow me to stay.

At *Leenan* I had to change cars, and though I was assured at *Clifden* that I should have no difficulty in hiring one for Westport, yet, had it not been for a Scotchman, the contractor for the building of a new church, about a mile off, my journey would have been stopped for that day. Here I was detained six hours, not leaving till six o'clock, P.M. We reached our hotel at Westport about nine, and though the night was very dark, and the air raw and unpleasant, yet neither accident nor cold followed.

The village of *Leenan* consists of one long street, of poor houses, running at the foot of a mountain, and bordering on one of those numberless bays which wash the feet of the *Killarries*. Having accompanied my friend in need to the site of the new church, I called at the house of the Hon. Mr Plunket, with the hope of finding the resident Missionary. After some delay, the Rev. Mr Goodson appeared, young and gentlemanly in his manners, and apparently possessing, what his situation demanded, the qualifications of a missionary.

His mission is the *Killery Mission*, consisting of *Asleagh*. Here is a school, male and female, with 57 on the books, and 45 attendants.—*Bundoragh*, where there is a mixed school, with 29 on the books.

At *Asleagh* church, an attendance of about 80,—two-thirds converts. I had not time to take these statistics from the books of the school, but learned them from Mr G.

Bundoragh Church, average congregation 20; half converts. The Romish population is as two to one Protestant. The Missionary is obliged to reside at a small public house in *Leenan*, kept by a Roman Catholic, who can have, at best, no sympathy with him, even if he does not oppose his work. In summer, and in fine weather, the missionary's labors are comparatively easy, though his travelling is always on foot; but in winter the storms, coming in from the Atlantic, through the mountain gorges, render the Sunday labor perilous, in crossing the bays, and most trying to the constitution, frequently wet through during the whole day, and without food from morning till night.

The Rev. Mr G. has a kind and valued friend in *Mrs Aldrich*, the originator of the Mission, residing with Hon. Mr P. I regretted that I did not see this devoted christian lady, as she was away from home.

The influence of Mr. Plunket, as well as his money, is given to this work of God; and spiritually, as well as in temporal things, this residence in this most sequestered region is accompanied by many benefits.

ROCKFIELD.—(KEEL VALLEY.)

Attendance at School.—There were in June 54 children; in July 54; and in August 43.

WESTPORT.

At the hotel I met with a young clergyman, whose field of labor is near, who spoke of the desided progress of scriptural knowledge, though opposed, not only by the members of the church of Rome, but by many professed Protestants. I regretted that my time would not permit me to stay over the next day, as the quarterly meeting of the District was to be held.

Had I been aware that I should have met the devoted founder of the Achill mission,—a man of all others I should have most liked to have seen,—and that the Rev. Mr. Barker, the present Missionary Rector of the island, I would have remained.

The next morning I left for Achill, in company with a gentleman, his wife and daughter, of the Society of Friends, who were tourists.

At Westport, where our car remained to change the mail-bags, I witnessed an exhibition of Priestly insolence. A short, stout man, in the usual dress of a Priest, with a large walking-stick, came down the street, passing two respectable men talking together, the one on horseback, the other with his arm leaning on the horse's neck. The several parties recognised each other by a bow, but the Priest had passed only a few paces when he suddenly turned round in great anger; his voice was raised, and he shook his stick at one of the young men. The one on horseback replied, which seemed to rouse the Priest's anger still higher, who, coming up and shaking his stick in a most menacing manner, said, "You rascal! how dare you speak to a gentleman in the street! If it were not for the law I would break every bone in your skin!" Much angry language followed, when the young man spoke of bringing the Priest before another tribunal, at which he most indignantly replied, "Unal indeed! I would like to see the tribunal which I care anything for! I will regulate you and make you mind yourselves, both you and your master." He then went away, still talking most angrily, and now and then turning round, as if he would, had he dared, have made use of an argument more convincing than words.

If any judgment could be formed from what I heard, not only were the bystanders not shocked at this exemplification of what

a professed minister of Christ should not be, but highly approved of it. "Did not the Priest answer him," was the exulting expression of a youth to a woman to whom I had been speaking, and who exhibited no signs of dissatisfaction.

I afterwards learned that such a scene was by no means uncommon, though the fear of the law is beginning to exercise a wholesome restraint, even over the priest.

ACHILL.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings when I found myself in Achill, where I had, for years, so frequently been in mind. Every spot which had been the scene of the labors of that most devoted man of God, Mr Nangle, seemed familiar.

The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow strip of water; across this we were ferried, and in a few minutes I was on the island of Achill. We passed the comfortable mansion of the stipendiary magistrate, then *Meelan*, the residence of the Missionary Rector, *Mr Barker*, and in due time found ourselves at *Dugort*, the Missionary settlement, and in its comfortable hotel.

The readers of the Achill Herald are familiar with its position and appearance. It forms two sides of a square; and consists of the old chapel, which is now the boys' school room; an infant school room; Orphan Home for girls, with the printing press and hotel, besides a few private dwellings, among which is that of the venerable coadjutor of Mr Nangle, Dr. Adams, to whom Achill owes a debt of gratitude, second only to that to Mr Nangle. Dr. A. was a physician, in good practice in Dublin, when, at the urgent request of his friend, he abandoned his position in civilised life, to aid him in the attempt to raise the poor degraded islander, and they have raised him to his present comparatively high position. It has seldom been my lot to witness such devotedness to duty as has been evidenced by Dr. and Mrs. A.; and when, in a lively, *third personal* manner, she described to me Mr Nangle's proposition to them, and her surprise at her husband's accepting it, adding, "I would not oppose it," she concluded with such a smile of satisfaction, and "*He has never repented of it*," that, if I may form any opinion from what I saw, I would add, *neither has Mrs Adams!*

It was a lovely sight to witness these two aged servants, with their work on earth nearly done, waiting for their reward.

In company with the Rev. Mr. Stoe, the missionary at the settlement, I visited the

BOYS' SCHOOL.

The School was opened with prayer. *Mr Stes* then read Luke I. and examined from the description of the angel's visit. The answering was not so good as elsewhere. This, which was the usual morning exercise, was closed with prayer; after which, the youths in the Agricultural School went to the field; and the infant and boys' school commenced. In the former I saw two children with no clothing but a shirt, which scarcely came to the knees.

The roll-book offers the following statement:—In August there were on the books 36; in July 33; in June 33; average attendance 25. Agricultural School, attendance 24.

The youths are employed from 7 to 9 and from 10 to 1 in field operations. Two who had been in the school were in the *Printing Office*, and two had enlisted. Six had left since January.

These youths bore the appearance of health and vigor, both of mind and body.

GIRLS' ORPHAN HOME.

This has been recently established by *Mrs Dallas*, the wife of the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the Society. The *Mistress* had left that morning for Dublin, on a visit for her health, so that I lost much that I could have learned from her respecting the school.

I examined the children from five to sixteen years of age, from Luke XXI. 1 to 29. Their answering was good. They are employed in plain and ornamental needlework, and in the household work of the establishment. They sang very sweetly. All looked brimful of health and happiness, offering such a striking contrast to those *without*, whose care-worn countenance and lack-lustre eyes tell, too plainly to be misunderstood, the difference of the two antagonist systems under which they live.

THE INFANT SCHOOL.

Present 49; on the books 67. It may be sufficient for me to say that this school would lose nothing by comparison with like schools, composed of the same class of children. They all looked healthy and happy. The eldest boy had been four years at school. Four children lost their parents by the cholera, and one was taken from the dead mother's breast.

All had been Romanists except three. Ten were still Roman

Catholics. These children had a daily allowance of Indian meal.

The Press and Printing Office, whence issues, monthly, that noble advocate of truth, *The Achill Missionary Herald*, was not likely to be unvisited by one who, for nearly twenty years, has been a diligent reader of its pages. It was with difficulty that I could realise the fact that I was actually within the room, whence, twelve times a year, and to thousands of subscribers, comes forth this able champion of whatsoever is true and of good report, to contend with error, come in whatever shape and from whatever quarter it may. It was with great satisfaction I learned that the press yielded a revenue to its enterprising proprietor, Mr Nangle.

ROCKFIELD.

This is a school, in the midst of a very scattered population. Only ten were present. This, though it was harvest time, was considered very bad attendance. The missionary said that this school was in a very unsatisfactory state, and yet only so as to stimulate to greater exertion and more earnest prayer.

Whilst examining the school, I had a specimen of that quickness of answer for which the Irish are proverbial. In enquiring on the fourth commandment I put the question to a girl about seven years old—Why did they change the day of sacred rest from the seventh to the first day of the week? After thinking awhile evidently much puzzled, she looked up, perfectly satisfied, "Sure, sir, the Jews mistook Saturday for Sunday."

DOOGH.

Here I visited a school belonging to the National Board, a most miserable building, consisting of one room, very low, and with mud floor, the sleeping and day room of the family. About twenty boys were present; one only could read. The master complained of their irregular attendance. All seemed very poor. Indeed the village itself was a collection of cabins but little better than the Indian wigwam. The master, an intelligent man, had once been a scripture reader, but had relapsed into Popery, many of whose tenets, he confessed to Mr Shea, that he did not believe; and endeavored to satisfy his conscience in remaining a Romanist with the difficulty of his position.—
"How could I help myself, with my family?"

Our road to this place was of a gradual ascent, winding round the mountain, with the blue sea far, far below; but our little ponies were sure-footed, yet, to my unpractised eyes, there was something alarming; and, after a journey of six Irish miles, a few houses were seen, calmly resting within the embrace of the mountain.

Having dismounted about half a mile from this, choosing rather to trust to my own feet than those of my beast, we called at the only comfortable house, which belonged to a gentleman who had lately purchased the property, and were most hospitably entertained.

The view from this was very grand. Near was Clare Island, further was Crow Patrick; and beyond, the hills about Clifton were visible.

On returning, the sea view was truly sublime. The evening was very lovely—a clear sky, an unruffled sea, not a ripple on the water.

SLAYMOOR.

This is a village just rising from its ruins, having been almost depopulated by the cholera, and famine, and fever. A convert boy, who had come from Kym, and would return again that night to attend divine service at Slaymoor, told me that for four days he and his sister, after the death of father and mother, and one of his family besides, had lived on water, in which he had mixed a little salt, the latter to enable them to drink more plentifully, and thus distend the stomach.

Here I preached from John XVII., the Rev Mr Fowler, of Tuam, one of our party, having previously prayed.

The school-house was wretched in the extreme. The floor was of clay and full of holes. The chimney smoked; but the attention of our audience, and the deep earnestness with which they sang a hymn in Irish, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, enabled me to forget these little inconveniences, in the deep importance of my subject. About nine o'clock I reached the colony, very tired, yet, I trust, thankful for having been permitted to witness what I had of God's work, under very opposing circumstances.

The morrow, as had been prognosticated from the beauty of the previous day, was so stormy as to confine me to the colony, and thus I was disappointed in not visiting the training school at Meelan.

In the morning, attended prayer in the old chapel. Mr Fowler examined and addressed the children from the *magnificat*. They were not ready in their answers.

In the evening the Rev. Mr Shea prayed and I preached. It was very stormy, and few attended.

On the following day, though raining, I bid farewell to the settlement, with my sincere prayer that no untoward events might interfere with a work, so evidently of God, and attended with such blessed consequences to man.

In drawing this report to a close, I think I may say that proof has been given.—First, Of much having been done towards raising the Irish Roman Catholic out of that degraded state, in which, for ages, she has been; Second, that that has been done, not by themselves, but by others—not agreeably with, but in direct opposition to their own religious system; Third, that the present relatively high position which the missions occupy, is owing, not to civilization, but to Christianity; not to the teachings of industry, but to the word of God; that it offers a practical illustration of our Lord's command and promise, "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" Matt. vi., 33.

And yet, it is confessed that *a beginning only has been made.*

True, the small end of the wedge has been put into the cleft side of Romanism in Ireland, but it must be driven home, by repeated blows from the hammer of God's word, ere the Irish nation's heart be opened. That dark and cruel system cannot be destroyed, except by His word, who, in the beginning said—"*Let there be light, and there was light.*" It is to be feared that, at present, this consummation is far distant; and even after this system of error should be no more, the work is far from ended. It is not enough to dispossess the mind of error, truth must take possession of it or the slave of superstition will become the dupe of infidelity. Nor will the enlightened christian feel that this even is enough. It is well to convince the mind of former error, and of "what truth is," but a *notional* reception of the Gospel will not meet man's immortal necessities. *He must receive the truth in the love of it.* He must come under its *humanizing and saving influences.* In a word, he must be saved from the *love, and power, and pollution of sin,* by the *love, and power, and sanctifying influences of God's truth.* You will see, then, that Ireland demands the sympathies of the Christian as much as ever. The questions that now press on the friends of this country, are—Shall clouds again shut out this partial

shining of "the Sun of Righteousness?" Shall they who have been lifted out of the mire, and from the dunghill, be suffered to fall back again? Every motive will say—*No!* Self-interest says—*No!* Patriotism says—*No!* Whilst Christian love, with hands uplifted toward heaven, cries—*God forbid!* Then, Christian friends, your work is not finished. Others may share in, but not supersede, your earnest prayers, your active benevolence for the Irish Church Missions, till, in the fullest sense of the word, it can be said—*Ireland is Free!*

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